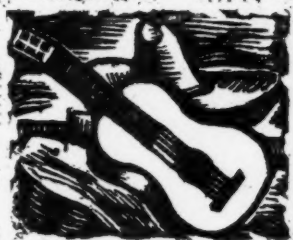




The American MUSIC LOVER

The Record Connoisseur's Magazine



JULY 1944 • VOL. X, No. 11

Edited by PETER HUGH REED

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Records On the War Front and at Home

Editorial Notes

Soldiers in North Africa and Italy have written to us informing us of the establishment of Allied radio stations almost immediately after the Germans were routed. "Recorded concerts are heard regularly from the North Africa station," writes one officer, "and the symphonic concerts are greatly enjoyed. It's good to hear the famous American orchestras again in some of the old familiar as well as new recordings."

We have all read about the V-Discs, but few of us at home have actually heard them. They are made up by the companies over here, and they contain all kinds of programs. "I do not know whether you have heard any of the V-Discs," writes Cpl. Jerome Pastene from somewhere in England, "so I think I'd best write you something about them. Some of these appear to be pressed on the commercial shellac compound, but for the most part they are a flexible substance which appears to be a rather pure vinyl-acetate—and would that our commercial discs were as fine. The surfaces are excellent, with a corresponding greater clarity of detail. Naturally, they are also none too resistant to needle wear, if used with a heavy pickup

or acoustic reproducer, but with a pickup such as we have, and a good shadowgraphed or H.M.V. chromium needle (all of which have been supplied us), they sound and wear wonderfully.

"I won't attempt to mention every V-Disc we have (we keep the classics distinct from the populars, which another fellow handles and plays), but I know some will be of interest to you. Virtually all orchestral discs are Toscanini-NBC recordings, and I know quite a few collectors who would give their eye-teeth for some of them, especially his version of Smetana's *The Moldau*. This is on a single 12-inch disc, but apparently (to my ear—I have no score) without cuts, due probably to a fractionally faster pace than Walter uses, and mainly to the fact that the grooving is much finer than the usual 110 lines to an inch. This is really a recording to be highly prized, one we are delighted to have, since it has both popular appeal (always to be found in the V-Disc kits) and musical merit (not always, alas, present). Toscanini really brings several touches to his reading — mainly dynamic — but in coloring also (in the evening, gypsy scene) which I have never

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quite heard equalled before. And the orchestra is reproduced with a round fullness which I have never heard on any of the regular Victor discs, including those that were supposedly made in Carnegie Hall. The resonance is perfectly natural.

"Item No. 2 is Toscanini's recording of the usually painful *Zampa Overture*. I have always found a great deal of zest and pleasure in Fiedler's reading, which is by far the most musicianly of all those on commercial discs, but I must confess that it does not match the performance Toscanini gives; it is a performance matching in every way those he did for Victor of the Rossini overtures. Again, the tone is all that could be asked for.

"Continuing in the same vein, Toscanini's No. 3 is the ubiquitous *Dance of the Hours* from *La Gioconda*. Again, it is Fiedler against Toscanini, and while I feel the latter has the edge, I do not think that Fiedler suffers materially, save that this "Pops" Orchestra, being (one must always remember) the less artistic two-thirds of the Boston Symphony, cannot compete with the NBC. Mechanically, though, the later recording, save for quieter surfaces, does not have any greater advantage.

"My admired Johann Strauss turns up in a disc by the Philadelphia under Ormandy — the *Frueblingsstimmen* and *Wiener Blut Walzer*. This, however, contrary to what I was certain of upon seeing the label, is not the disc that Ormandy made for the two-for-one-dollar deal that Victor sponsored some time ago, but two entirely different performances. The fantastically exaggerated *rubati* are gone, and the performances stick much closer to the score, especially the *Wiener Blut*, which in Ormandy's hands is all to the good. The Philadelphia string tone, does rich and lush justice to the sensuous, soaring strains of the introduction.

"Kostelanetz has made one disc comprising *Marche Slav* (the English will have to wait a few more years before I take to writing *Slaves' March*), and Hammerstein's song *And Russia Is Her Name*, with Jan Pearce doing the solo. Kostelanetz appears to have all of the march

there—heaven knows how, but so it is, I think—and, what's far more important, the characteristic tone of his band (I do not just mean orchestration) is missing, and what there is sounds like a full symphony orchestra.

"Marian Anderson has made a disc containing Schubert's *Ave Maria* on one side, and two Negro Spirituals on the other — *Sometimes I feel* and *Nobody Knows*. All three seem to me to be dubbings of her Victor discs.

"Leonard Warren is represented by *Avant de quitter ces lieux* from *Faust* and *E sogno? O realta?* from *Falstaff*—again I think these are re-pressings. Piatigorsky is to be heard in what sounds to me like new cuttings of *The Swan* and the *Melody in F*—concerning which little need be said, except that the cello tone is excellently reproduced.

"Toscanini and the NBC accompany Pearce, Ruible, Valentino and Nan Merriman in the *Rigoletto Quartet* and Merriman alone in *O don fatale* from *Don Carlos*. These are capable but routine performances; even Toscanini cannot do too much about it.

"Stokowski conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra in a disc containing on one side *Clair de lune* in his own orchestration, but this time unbroken and excellently played for those who like their Debussy piano music this way (one must admit it has a certain effectiveness), and on the other side is Frank's *Panis Angelicus*. The latter sounds like a re-pressing of the original Victor disc, but the Debussy is apparently a new version.

"The main thing about these V-Disc kits is that they are gradually giving a little more attention to the classics (*The Moldau*, for instance, is from the last issue we have). I still feel that the general attitude amongst those who are responsible for much special service work is that the average GI will not listen to the good things (*vide* Lt. Schonberg's article for you in the October, 1943 issue). That's true enough — if you look at the overall figures. But there are plenty of small organizations and dance bands scattered

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CHARLATANISM AND HUMBUG IN MUSIC

By Frederick Delius - 1920

History has a way of repeating itself. The world of music in 1920 was full of experimental ideas; much that was applauded in those days by the vanguard has been relegated to the top shelf, where it collects dust and cobwebs. Who among us feels impelled to remove the decorative filament? A new trend in art has manifested itself, and after this war a new generation of experimenters may well advance another. Out of the welter of experimental art which inevitably follows a war there will undoubtedly be much that will be worthy along with much that will in turn be relegated to the top shelf. Whether charlatanism and humbug in music will be strongly in evidence, we cannot predict. To be sure, much of it exists in music today — it has existed in almost every generation throughout the history of the art. The tendency in music to "substitute an impressive manner for specific expression," as Virgil Thomson, the critic of *The New York Herald Tribune*, remarked recently, "just as oratory does" has prompted the acceptance of a lot of musical works as masterpieces which

do not deserve that appellation. The later symphonies of Shostakovich may be cited as examples. One fully agrees with Mr. Thomson's remark: "That music should stoop to the procedures of contemporary political harangue is deplorable indeed."

We are reminded of the trend toward mathematical formulae inherent in much modern music. A noted conductor remarked to us recently that the modern composer seemed to be unaware that any other form exists but the canon and the fugue; so-in-so's symphonic efforts, he continued (naming a well known American composer), usually begin with a fugato, the slow movement is concerned with canonic development of thematic material which is purely cerebral, his so-called scherzo continues the formula, and the last movement is another fugato.

Much of the present article by Delius—published originally in *The Sackbut* for September 1920, then edited by Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock)—might apply to modern times; it might even be considered by some to prognosticate the period immediately following the present

war. It gives a picture of musical conditions in England following World War I, when as one English writer has pointed out, a number of writers filled the country with propaganda on behalf of certain modern composers, many of whose names are hardly remembered today.

The prime interest in this essay however, lies in its indication of Delius' philosophy of music and his manner of thinking. Referring to this essay as late as 1929, Sydney Grew, the English editor, said: "As a prophet, Delius has already been justified by time: the old is stronger than ever today, the new of the 1920s is mostly decayed, and the new of 1929 is trying seriously to adjust the present to the past, and thence to discover how to express the truth and actuality of the present in the lasting forms of art." Mr. Grew might well say today: "The older is stronger than ever," and he might add, "the new of today is evidencing an advance on that of the whole decade of the 'twenties, but emotion, the strongest force in all art, is unfortunately submerged by a technical cerebration".

If we harken to the voices of musical listeners today, we become aware of a newly advanced interest in expression (not to be confused with romanticism) in art;

the modernists may shout loudly but the sales figures of the phonograph companies and the demands of the radio listeners are against them. Yet, this is no criterion, for there is little imagination or understanding applied by either the phonograph companies or the radio concerns to advance a true appreciation of music beyond the promulgation of the so-called masterpieces. There is more to be said on this which we will have to leave to another time. We cannot decry completely the modern trend in music today; much of it shows a seriousness of purpose and an honesty of effort which it did not own in the "twaddling 'twenties." The recent reawakening of interest in the music of Delius prompted us to republish his essay, written a quarter of a century ago. At that time the composer was 57, and his art was little known in America. Had it been known then, "the modernist propagandists of 1920 would have ridiculed it," as Mr. Grew has observed. Much that Delius has to say will be unacceptable to many of us. However, it should be observed that, as Mr. Grew pointed out, "there is no bitterness in what Delius says, however strong his disgust with what he has to condemn."

—The Editor

* * *

"I have always found it difficult to explain to people that, in spite of all, my husband was happy, that blindness was not such a misfortune to him as it would have been to someone with less vivid imagination and less poignant memories. He truly did fulfill his destiny in a most beautiful and harmonious way, and life with him to take care of all these years was after all a most happy life for me." Jelka Delius (from a letter dated May 7, 1934).

* * *

I.

The time has come when every musician of serious aims should declare, in the interest of the public, what is his attitude towards the current attempts on the part of Russian impresarios, Parisian decadents and their press-agents, to degrade his art to the level of a side-show at a fair. The musical public—especially in England—is very innocent and trusting in the face of

loud-mouthed quacks who employ every device of street-corner oratory in order to palm off their shoddy wares; and therefore I consider that every serious musician owes it to the public to raise his voice in warning and protest when he sees them being taken in and imposed upon by a clever gang of self-seeking mountebanks.

There is room in the world for all kinds of music to suit all tastes, and there is

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no reason why the devotees of Dada should not enjoy the musically imbecile productions of their own little circle as much as the patrons of the musical comedy enjoy *their* particular fare. But when I see the prophets of the latest clique doing their utmost to pervert the taste of the public and to implant a false set of values in the rising generation of music-lovers by sneering at the great masters of the past, in the hope of attracting greater attention to the *petits maitres* of the present—then I say it is time to speak openly and protest. In the end, of course, all art finds its own level and takes its due place in the estimation of the world; and everything that is shallow, catchpenny, sensational and insincere sinks into oblivion from which no propaganda can rescue it. But why, in the meanwhile, should a whole generation be confused and contaminated by the specious claptrap and humbug of a crew of little men who have deliberately set out to make the worse appear the better cause? Genius is not a mushroom growth. Inspiration does not come without hard work any more than a crop of corn. There is no short cut to glory. No great work of art has ever come into the world save as the fruit of years of earnest, unremitting endeavor on the part of its creator; and no great artist ever blasphemed his ancestors.

Music is a cry of the soul. It is a revelation, a thing to be revered. Performances of a great musical work are for us what the rites and festivals of religion were to the ancients—an initiation into the mysteries of the human soul. A man who walked into church without his trousers would be promptly turned out; and anyone who meddles with art in a similar spirit of disrespect should be treated in the same way.

II.

How does music stand to-day? Is the world full of men of as much importance as Bach and Beethoven, Chopin and Wagner? If we are to believe some of the composers themselves, or rather, their trumpeters and tub-thumpers, we have amongst us not the equals but the superiors, the *supersedeers* even, of the old masters. After a thousand years of evolution, music is

just beginning to become articulate! Already some music-publishers have put up electrical sky-signs and others have had recourse to their literary equivalents. The average man of the present day is so accustomed to have his mind made up for him by advertisements, posters and illuminated signs at every street-corner, that he comes to believe implicitly anything he reads often enough on the hoardings. If this is the case with patent medicines, it is also the case with art, and we find that propaganda and advertisement carry all before them.

This is an age of anarchy in art: there is no authority, no standard, no sense of proportion. Anybody can do anything and call it "art" in the certain expectation of making a crowd of idiots stand and stare at him in gaping astonishment and admiration. Imagine a wonderful cathedral which has stood for centuries as a monument of an age of intense faith and devotion to high ideals: now there comes along a little Johnny and sticks a bowler-hat (call it that, for politeness' sake) on the top of the spire proclaiming his exploit as the crowning achievement of art. "See," he says, "there's something higher than your old cathedral"—forgetting that his addition will only be seen when a searchlight is thrown on it.

Great men must be denied and great achievements scoffed at in order that the little ones may become conspicuous. There must be a complete transvaluation of values. Art has been "serious" too long: now let us play the fool, in season and out of season, let us deny everything, turn all our values upside down. On this principle, a beautiful face is no longer as "interesting" as a grimace. But the interest of a grimace is *purely negative*; it depends entirely on its relation to the natural face. It is only the incongruity of the grimace with the normal features of human kind that causes merriment—the exaggeration of certain traits to the exclusion of others—a false perspective, a wrong proportion. The musical concomitant of a grimace is necessarily negative: it is only a pretentious development of the time-honored tradition of the bang on the big drum when the clown falls down.

Music does not exist for the purpose of emphasizing or exaggerating something which happens outside its own sphere. Musical expression only begins to be significant where words and actions reach their uttermost limit of expression. Music should be concerned with the emotions, not with external events. To make music imitate some other thing is as futile as to try and make it say *Good morning of It's a fine day*. It is only that which cannot be expressed otherwise that is worth expressing in music . . . There is a certain section of the reading public consisting of people who join a circulating library and always demand "the latest" novels or other books. This section, needless to say, has no literary pretensions whatever. There is a corresponding section of the musical public which always demands "the latest" rather than "the best"; but its aesthetic pretensions are as great as its lack of taste and musical understanding. For the "latest fiction" public, Shakespeare is out of date and unreadable; for its musical counterpart, Bach is a fossil and Beethoven a mummy. But whereas no student of literature would take the "latest fiction" crowd seriously, the corresponding gang in music—by means of assiduous advertisement and propaganda—has become a real danger to the ever-growing section of the public which demands "music" rather indiscriminately, as a necessary part of a cultured education, and accepts unquestioningly whatever is recommended by critics who have no qualifications with which to recommend themselves. Only carry on the advertisement campaign long enough and vigorously enough and you will hypnotize people into believing that black is white and that there is no more excellent music in the world than the creaking of cart-wheels and the cries of cats.

Music that needs "explanation," that requires bolstering up with propaganda, always arouses the suspicion that if left to stand on its own merits it would very quickly collapse and be no more heard of. The present Franco-Russian movement in music is entirely founded on denial—denial of harmony, of coherence, of intellectual lucidity and spiritual content—denial

of music, in fact. Of course I shall be told that people said exactly the same thing about Wagner, and that after thirty years of active musical life I am not sufficiently cultured and that my sensibility is not yet sufficiently developed to appreciate the subtleties and novelties of the latest clique of composers. Exactly the same defence might be put in favor of the jumbings of a child of four at the piano.

III.

The chief reason for the degeneration of present-day music lies in the fact that people want to get physical sensations from music more than anything else. Emotion is out of date and intellect a bore. Appreciation of art which has been born of profound thought and intensity of experience necessitates an intellectual effort too exhausting for most people of the present day. They want to be amused: they would rather feel music with their bodies than understand it through their emotion. It seems as though a tarantula has bitten them—hence the dancing craze Dixie, Dalcroze, Duncan and Diaghilev—they are all manifestations of the same thing. In an age of neurasthenics, music, like everything else, must be a stimulant, must be alcoholic, aphrodisiac, or it is no good. We do not hear the word "vitality" at every turn except from people who are aware that vitality is the one thing they are most in need of, the one thing they must at all costs get supplied to them from outside. (Reader, next time you attend a performance of the Russian ballet, don't let the stage absorb your whole attention. Have a good look at the audience, and you will see that it would require the pen of a Rops or a Beardsley to do justice to it.) But let them at any rate see clearly what kind of a cesspool they will go dancing into if they follow the line to this latest fad.

There is no longer any respect for music as such. It can only be tolerated, it seems, as an accompaniment to something else—a dinner or a dance or what not. An impresario, shrewd enough to see what the public wants and to give it to them at the right time, comes along with a resus-

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The American Music Lover



LOOKING AHEAD

ONE MAN'S VIEWS

By D. J. Julian

There is really no satisfactory *status quo* for the record trade to return to when a normal peace-time output can be resumed.

War found the Companies grappling hand-to-hand with four obstinate problems, and with no decisions forthcoming:

- (1) selling prices of discs;
- (2) recording characteristics;
- (3) production standards;
- (4) relations with the Musicians' Union.

How wisely the foregoing questions are dealt with will determine in large measure the success and stability of the trade for years to come.

Let's summarize the situation briefly, to try to get an intelligent general picture:

(1) Drastic, unannounced price reductions in 1940 caused such a terrific upheaval in merchandising channels overnight that the full impact has not yet worn off. The underlying theory was the novel idea of one company that recorded music of the masters had been denied the masses on account of high list prices. With

the stroke of a pen great music was stripped of top hat and tails, and put into overalls.

The altogether curious factor here was that the company responsible for reductions was not itself in the business of manufacturing or marketing phonographs (it is generally conceded that the best policy is to use price reductions as a lever to stimulate the sales of these more expensive items, the profits from which are substantial). Moreover, an appraisal of sales of records at the time of the price cuts shows that even then wholesale inventories were being depleted more rapidly than the factories could supply.

The question is: can present prices stick? After the war, labor costs will be up. If prices then are *not increased*, there will most certainly be unavoidable consequences: deterioration in quality all down the line (judged by pre-war standards), beginning with the prime element, the artists. It is not inconceivable that we would hear more and more of secondary orchestras, and less and less of the top ones. Attention to detail, from microphone

to shipping department, would be sacrificed..

In the trade, operators of de luxe record shops with elaborate appointments, and catering to a discerning clientele, might find the general overhead costs too great to survive on the slim picking from sales of cheap records. There can be little doubt that *some* decrease from former price levels is justified and equitable. But are \$1.00 lists in the best interest of all concerned—artist, manufacturer, distributor, and customer?

(2) The utter absence of agreement as to recording characteristics before the war has been most disconcerting. It is notable that all the blatant, shrill experimentation by the engineers has been directed to the classical repertoire (surely, *not* the dance tune, which finds its way into the juke box, where experimentation would not be tolerated). How long-suffering is the lover of good music!

Mutual Trade Agreement

Since record publication (from the early days of recording- has been international in scope, technical advances should be more or less synchronized by important manufacturers throughout the world. It is a strange fact that, on the whole, Great Britain has lagged behind the rest of the field in putting into production some of the technical achievements consummated during the thirties. Why? Not because of the disinclination of the companies there to progress; for nowhere will be found such alertness and sensible co-operation by the industry with its customers. In England many of the most enthusiastic purchasers of records still cling to acoustic machines; and this bloc of the market must be reckoned with. The balance between bass and treble is unfavorable enough at best when a record is reproduced mechanically, without further robbing the low register to bloat the "highs."

We should keep this point in mind: frequency range is *not* the most important single element in making records.

From the early experimental days of electric recording until 1935, standards of groove shapes, depth of cut, and "characteristics" remained substantially stable

all over the world. The system was called "constant velocity"; and in practice frequencies above 250 c.p.s. were engraved in a pure constant velocity characteristic (i.e., amplitude frequency equalled constant). Below 250 c.p.s.—called the "turn-over" or "crossover" point—the cut was constant amplitude (all frequencies being limited to the same amplitude, instead of the amplitude increasing with a decrease in frequency).

Beginning about 1935 the "crossover" point was moved up to 500 or 600 c.p.s. in America, with the result that larger signals could be inscribed (so that the *dynamic range* was extended). This was all to the good. True, there was some loss in bass response, but reproducing instruments were coming off the lines with bass tone controls to compensate for this.

All too soon the recording characteristic fell into disrepute in this country: each engineer had his own ideas. Some wished to extend the "crossover" point to 800 c.p.c.... to 1000 c.p.s. and perhaps even higher. What appeared to be a friendly rivalry sprang up among the brethren: to see who could make the *loudest* record.

"High Fidelity"

About this time, "phony high fidelity" reared its monstrous head, when someone decided that increasing the intensity of frequencies in the 3000 c.p.s region would impart a spurious brilliance that sounded "nice" on the cheap sets where the output transformers took a nose dive on frequencies above that point. The effect was ear-splitting enough to cut through the noise of a boiler plate works, on a good machine, unless the treble tone control was jammed down hard to maximum attenuation.

There is a definite advantage to be gained if "peaking" is skillfully executed, because the signal-to-noise ratio will be bettered. But "peaking" *should not be undertaken* until a complete agreement as to a specified "curve" be reached by all companies; and then *only* if it appears that the advantage gained is sufficient to offset the obvious drawback: fussing with the tone controls every time we change

from the London Philharmonic to the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.

I question the wisdom of thrusting upon the patient classical record buyer the capricious and whimsical babel of languages spoken by the companies' engineers. Experimentation should be done in the laboratory—not on the public. A certain measure of sanity is desirable in recording. If *frequency range alone* is sought, this could be more effectively carried out with a 33 r.p.m. motor and vertically engraved transcriptions.

When production of reproducing instruments is begun after the war, it is hoped that the amount of pickup equalization will be in harmony with what the engineers will put down in the wax.

Production Standards

(3) While there has been significant improvement in recording since 1935 (increased dynamic range), it is beginning to appear that production has not kept pace in making advances.

We are not concerned with wartime expedients in practice now. The loading of dough formulas with assorted scrap 20 years old was not the wish of the companies; and it would be most unfortunate to cavil about defects that are only too well known.

Since the price reductions, production has had the added burden of effecting radical economies, since it is hamstrung by meeting low cost sheets dictated by the "front office," in order to make cheap list prices possible.

Production — for the purposes of this article — will include matrix processing. It is the responsibility of the processing department to deliver a reasonably exact negative impression of the wax to the press room.

Others have more competently than I pointed out a simple fact: there is no such thing as a uniform groove cross-section on a commercial disc. In processing (as carried out for 78 r.p.m. records), all sorts of shape distortions creep in. In many cases it will require a number of playings to "break in" a factory fresh record to the point where the needle will ride in the bottom of the groove. *Micro-*

scopic projections on the side walls must be worn off before realistic reproduction is possible.

Another fault in processing is the roughness of the groove. The ideal (which seems impossible to achieve at "economic" prices) is a smooth, highly polished surface. It will be remembered that voltages are generated within the pickup *only* by lateral movement of the needle. A purely up-and-down motion will not transmit any signal to the amplifier input. On many records the bottom of the groove is *not* a constant depth; but the needle, as it ploughs through the groove, will ride up and down. We can all observe this: a record will emit all sorts of scratchy, abrasive sounds directly from the rubbing action of the needle in the groove — but not a scratch will come from the speaker. This will occur when the bottom (but *not* the side wall) is rough and of uneven depth.

Light-weight Pickups

The increasing trend toward the use of light pickup with built-in precious jewel points poses another problem. As most of us know, there are two distinct theories as to needle-groove action: (1) the point must be sufficiently soft to enable the groove to wear its contour to match the groove shape; and (2) the point must be so hard that it will shape the groove to fit its dimensions. (The "permanent" stylus is in the latter class). *But...* unless far closer tolerance is exercised in processing, much of the effective life of the stylus will be wasted in gouging out grooves cluttered with extraneous matter.

In passing, it is the writer's opinion that the light-weight pickup with permanent stylus attached has been greatly oversold. To realize the full benefit of this type of pickup, it must be available in the form of a precision laboratory instrument—*excessively* fragile, and to be handled with utmost care. Such pickups cannot generally be recommended for use with automatic changers, as the changer action is far too brutal and violent.

The commercial version of the light-weight pickup (with built-in stylus) has little to distinguish it, other than convenience and *possible* decreased record wear.

The gullible public has swallowed the frothy blurbs about the "precious gem that just kisses the groove, and lasts forever and ever." Forever can be a disturbingly short season, if the pickup is used much and the nuisance of having the stylus replaced *at the factory* can greatly offset the "convenience" apparently gained by "never" having to change needles.

Still one more opinion: the laboratory type of pickup anticipates a day when higher frequencies (and smaller grooves) will be inscribed. Even the cheapest pickups recently manufactured (for use with needles) can encompass the sound spectrum that is recorded—though admittedly seldom in a "linear" manner. It has been my experience that the same degree of realism in reproducing percussion and "transients" (sounds of impulsive nature) can be obtained with a better-than-ordinary pickup designed for replaceable needles—if steel needles with small mass and high length-to-diameter quotient are employed. And what is gained if a pickup goes to 20,000 c.p.s. and the record to 7000 c.p.s.? Only possible ethereal noise signals which may be wandering around in the aural stratosphere.

The simple fact remains that processing probably will not improve until some advance is made in selling price.

In manufacture, a more vigilant *visual* inspection could be desired. Post-war, perhaps the shellac formula may be modified by the addition of some of the newer thermo-plastic substances. Records *can* be made from many materials. (I have the quaint notion that pure *glass* would be ideal from the standpoint of reproductive realism. Of course, commercial production would be impossible).

(4) The divergent attitudes of record "big" industry and the Artists Union is most regrettable. A wise resolution of conflicting positions is urgently needed.

We have now covered the chief issues that the Companies must tackle when peace production gets the go-ahead signal.

Perhaps, after the war, it would be too much to hope for:

- (a) the divorce of the "classical" and "popular" repertoires from the

general catalogues into separate volumes;

- (b) the availability by special order from the factory of certain records withdrawn from the active catalogues, when the artists and performances involved are of surpassing stature; and
- (c) likewise the ability to procure from the factory domestic issues of great records released in Europe by affiliated companies, but no deemed of sufficient general interest to warrant inclusion in the regular lists.

BORI'S "SEMPRE LIBERA"

Interesting information on Bori's recording of the *Sempre Libera* from *La Traviata* (issued by Victor in April) has come to us. It appears that the recording was first discovered in the Victor files by a member of one of the societies issuing historical recordings. The person who discovered it requested the privilege of issuing it, but Miss Bori refused, saying — according to our informant — that she was not satisfied with the recording. The record, it appears, was made on January 4, 1928. The width of the grooved area of the original test, which our informant acquired, was different from the width of the grooved area in the recording that Victor recently released. Since the rendition is the same, our informant is of the opinion that Victor started by pressing the original recording, and then decided to boost the volume in a re-recording. The width of the grooved area in the original seems to have been 3 and 5/16 inches; that of the recently released Victor disc 2 and 11/16 inches.

Several years after application was made to issue the recording by one of the historical societies, someone—our informant states—must have convinced Miss Bori that it was a good record (he feels it is better in fact than the *Ab! for'sé lui* which she did pass), for she had a number of special pressings made and presented them to friends.



THE RAMPANT

VOCALIST

NEVILLE D'ESTERRE

A singer is a person who sings. A vocalist is a person who makes singing noises. To call a singer a vocalist is an insult, while to call a vocalist a singer is usually an undeserved compliment. Of this, however, few vocalists are aware. Most of them not only believe themselves to be singers, but are convinced that (according to their sex) they are on the brink of becoming Carusos, Chaliapines, Melbas, and Schumann-Heinks. If they were few, it would matter little; but they are a great and growing army (we might term them an air invasion), and so it matters much. For their voices are heard by millions, daily and nightly through the medium of the radio; and thus their art (if it may be dignified by such a title) is becoming for those millions an accepted standard of the art of singing. What do they know who only vocalism know? The answer may possibly be found in the popularity of the crooner, a type of person whose singing noises or sounds are actually being accredited and accepted by countless listeners as "singing". Little as I respect the taste, actual or potential of the public at large, I doubt if the crooner could hold his own for a

moment against the genuine article. But crooners, be it noted, have their countless followers, some of whom indulge in a strange type of hysteria.

On the 29th of February, 1868 (a date of two-fold significance) when other English people, most of whom have passed away, were creating for us the conditions in which we live, a number of the English periodical *Punch*, noted for its satire and humor, came into circulation. That number of *Punch* contained a picture by George du Maurier, the subject of which was that contemporary nuisance, the amateur vocalist. I have this picture before me now. The scene represents a double drawing-room, presumably in a respectable quarter of London, at the end of an evening party. The party appears to have been a musical one, for among the several guests who are taking their leave of their host and hostesses at the doorway is a little man with long hair who carries a violin tucked under his arm. Part of the foreground is occupied by a grand piano with one of those dreadful round, rotating stools on which the unhappy pianist of that period was obliged to balance himself while he played. I re-

member the horrible things in the days of my youth, and how they would swing round in response to an emphatic touch upon the keyboard, until the offending hand lost contact with the notes, and the agitated fingers beat the unresponsive air.

On the stool, in this picture, a stout little fellow is attempting to seat himself; but he is being ferociously assaulted by a lean, saturnine individual with a black goatee beard, who endeavors with his right elbow to dislodge the little fellow, while in his left hand he flourishes a copy of *If Doughty Deeds*. (And who, by the way, composed that defunct baritone song?) A few yards away, watching this unseemly fracas with an expression of disgust, stands an elderly gentleman with a prominent nose and an ample paunch; and he, I rather fancy, is sketched from life. Add a mustache to the hairy adornment of his countenance, and you have, to the life, James William Davison, the formidable critic of *The Times* (of London)—him who established Mendelssohn upon a pinnacle of dust; who deified Handel; who accepted Beethoven with a reluctant British grunt, dismissed Schumann with a kick, and discerned in Wagner a happy combination of all the vilest characteristics (rendered into musical terms) of Tiberius, Caesar Borgia and Titus Oates.

Underneath the picture appears this descriptive poem—evidently the work of George du Maurier himself (the author, in case you've forgotten, of *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson*):

Late, late, too late; the guests depart,

And, oh distressful thing!

Two celebrated vocalists

Have not been asked to sing!

From distant corners, darting swift,

They rush to reach the pianer,

And meet upon the music stool

In this unseemly manner!

An instrumental gentleman,

Faceriously inclined.

Doth stick and stand and stare at 'em,

As thus he speaks his mind:

The tenor and the baritone

Are fighting for the crown;

I'd like to kick the baritone,

And knock the tenor down!

There, then, is the mid-Victorian scene. We are safe in surmising, either that the thing happened somewhere or other exactly as depicted, or that amateur vocalists in those days were people of whom such caddish behaviour was generally expected. That many of them (of both sexes) were insufferably conceited and self-assured is a matter that hardly admits of doubt; for this sub-species of the civilized human breed was still with us within quite recent years—until, indeed, the arrival of the modern reproductive machinery took its audiences away from it; and many of us remember how these people, having accepted (did they ever refuse?) invitations to evening parties, used to present themselves with portfolios of music under their arms, thus obliging the givers of those parties to ask them to perform.

All Vocalists

And equally well we remember how wretched their performances were as a rule. Nearly all of them were vocalists, for vocalism, unlike instrumental proficiency, has always been attainable with no training and little practice. Even on occasion when people met together to dance, the proceedings were likely to be interrupted by an apologetic call from the master of the house for silence, followed by an equally apologetic introduction by the hostess of Mr. or Miss So-and-so to the assembled company—and then the lamentable spectacle of some dreadfully incompetent efforts to reproduce the style and mannerisms (let us leave out the word sounds) of John McCormack, Alma Gluck, or some other equally beloved singer of the time.

Such people were a public nuisance. They were everywhere, and their ego left them without shame or feeling for their fellowmen. You could not travel by sea from New York or Grand Canary, but they cleared the decks or the saloon for what they were pleased to call a concert, and bellowed, and bleated, and catawauled under the placid canopy of night (seldom

did they perform in competition to a storm, for *mal de mer* generally prevented this). One vainly wished that the proverbial malady of the sea could have intervened, but the vocalists were not so affected.

When the phonograph began to introduce the recognizable art of Caruso, Scotti, Destinn, Geraldine Farrar, and other great singers into drawing-rooms of the cultivated middle class, we believed that this new miracle had killed the amateur vocalist for good and all. There occurred, in fact, at that time, a sudden cessation of amateur vocalism in the polite world. It had encountered as we rightly inferred a competitor in whose presence it dared not speak. That kind of tenor who mooched about from one drawing-room to another, hymning the "steetly grease" (stately grace) of his lady love, had to keep his mouth shut for very shame, when even the early phonographic version of the great Enrico was there to fill the air with *Che gelida manina* or the *Air de fleur*.

Not To Be Defeated

We thought they had gone from among us, those public nuisances. Yet, had we reflected a little, we might have known that a species of human beings, so inflated, as these people were, with self-worship, was not likely to hide itself away from public observation for very long. The amateur vocalist never hesitated, but, driven from the drawing-room floor by the disc and needle, proceeded at once to storm the concert platform. The vocalist, in short, ceased to be an amateur, and became a professional. Further, he evidenced a new vice, often in the drawing-room, of singing or vocalizing with a recording of a great artist, and his efforts to imitate great singers from records frequently became a great annoyance to his neighbors.

When these things happened there were already far too many professional singers abroad whose art was very imperfect. These people had, most of them, good voices, but were not correspondingly good musicians. They could all have been trained to become excellent chorist-

ers; but no amount of training could make them excellent solo artists. They languished, for the most part, in a state of chronic unemployment, and gladly accepted contracts to sing anything, anywhere, to anybody. They could always muster as good singers in places where good singing was never heard; and most of them could scratch up a small income by teaching others the art they hardly knew themselves. But, all the same, they were authentic singers, as distinct from mere vocalists — they had gone through all the pains and penalties of a singer's training. They knew too little about music, and there were far too many of them; that was the trouble.

Radio and the Vocalist

And now the vocalists—the creatures who used to be amateurs—are coming in and jumping their claim. Indeed, if my ears do not grossly deceive me, they have already jumped it, and staked it out, and are gold-digging for all they are worth. Not so long ago I was in a room where there stood a portable radio set. I was about to leave the room, when my footsteps were arrested by the milky voice of the "announcah" informing me, among a few million others, that Miss Somebody-or-Other was about to sing. Now those whose voices are borne to our battered ears by the radio are, far too many of them, vocalists by profession unless they happen to be genuine singers. This particular lady was not a genuine singer, for she could not truly sing, she could only vocalize. Her voice production could hardly have won her a place in a musical comedy chorus. Her ideas about expression were destitute of sense, and her *vibrato* was perfectly terrible. She was, of course simply our old bugbear, the amateur vocalist, turned professional; and how she had managed to pass an audition conducted by people with any sense of music is a mystery known only to the hierarchy of the upper atmosphere. Her better are often heard singing hymns in the back streets of London and New York.

The view is accepted by me, which was embraced in the past by persons of such diverse character as Sydney Smith,

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The view is accepted by me, which was embraced in the past by persons of such diverse character as Sydney Smith,

Ruskin, and Lord Avebury, that for the greater number of individuals life shapes best in the long run if they make it their regular business to do ordinary, useful things, and leave the gratification of their tastes to moments of recreation. In the rare cases where competence and impulse in any given direction are commensurate with one another, the individual concerned, even if he or she fails to perceive the fact, will soon be made aware of it by others. The shelves of every bookshop at the present day are loaded with novels written, not by professional thinkers and brilliant masters of literature, but by trivial-minded ladies and gentlemen who half-a-century ago would have been satisfied to express their secondary inspirations and threadbare theories on sheets of note-paper or between the covers of pocket-diaries. And so it is with these vocalists. At the best they have just sufficient grip of the singer's art to be able to make a game of it without unduly exasperating their neighbors. They are far too indolent and impatient to undergo all the exhausting labor involved in the training of a great singer. And, of course, they have nothing to look to but repeated, progressive, cumulative failure. (We have seen the careers of a great many young would-be singers terminated in a short time via radio in recent years; they are here today and gone tomorrow.) In their frenzy to serve themselves they far too often degrade the art of which they claim to be professional exponents. The great public, which has little taste but plenty of common sense, draws its own conclusions, to the detriment of everything for which concerned artists are working and fighting.

There seems no lawful way of driving these interlopers back to the counting house and the work-basket; but I feel that something ought to be done in the way of propaganda, to let the public know and understand what wretched incompetence is being foisted upon it as a manifestation of the art of singing. Otherwise the victory here, as in other directions, goes to those who invoke the language of order to add to the chaos of the modern world, on the principle that

to make money out of the carcass of a swine, you must fatten him while he is alive.

But I suppose the world of art will always be inhabited chiefly by self-effacing somebodies and self-advertising nobodies, and that is the way of all human communities. We shall always look for great and noble people to advertise art, only to discover small and ignoble people making use of art as a means to advertise themselves. And we have, after all, one gain from the amateur vocalist becoming professional: we can switch the creature off and be rid of its "vocal villainies" without violating the rules of politeness. A small mercy; but let us be thankful for it.

EDITORIAL NOTES

(Continued from page 278)

through Army, camps, even here overseas, which can give the average jitterbug all the jive he wants (knowing him to be in the majority), but those in the field who crave good music need the classics. I do not mean by this that the popular should be slighted, but rather that both be given equal attention, and the V-Disc sets begin to carry at least short sets of the popular type of standard classics, such as *Till Eulenspiegel*, *La Valse*, *Capriccio Espagnole*, etc."

The fine quality of the V-Disc may augur the type of record we will have after the war. A few examples of this type of recording have been given to us by the artists who made them and we can vouch for the fact that they are superior to the usual run of commercial recording. To be sure, they can not be played with a heavy pickup, and they do not operate in changers. But perhaps the fact that they do contain more music may prompt some of the lazy folks who resent turning records by hand to change their habits if such records ever are marketed; the quality of the reproduction should be ample compensation.

Apparently our boys are enjoying recordings of Toscanini and the NBC Sym-

(Continued on page 294)

SOME ASPECTS

ITALIAN



OF

RECORDINGS

By Leo Goldstein

IV

It would hardly seem possible that a catalogue dating back to March 1939 would have any interest for the record connoisseur, but the Italian Odeon catalogue issued in that year, including discs released through March, has not only proved to be of interest, but has an astounding number of titles and selections that escaped the eagle eyes of the editors of both editions of the *Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia*. Many artists well known to the record public on other labels appear here, and many selections they made or remade for those other companies are included in the Italian Odeon lists. To be sure a lot of these Odeon records date back a good many years; they include both acoustic and electric items. Omissions from the Encyclopedia may be due to the fact that these records had been excised from the German and French lists. This would seem to be true in the cases of many of the orchestral recordings made originally for German Odeon by Hans Knappertsbusch, Siegfried Wagner, Artur Bodanzky, Frieder Weissman, and in the cases of the recordings made for French Odeon by Gustave Cloetz, Gustave Charpentier, etc. Many recordings by Antonio Guarnieri and Ettore Panizza with the Milan Grand Symphony Orchestra date back to around 1930, but there are undoubtedly some titles by these artists that were accomplished at a much later date. Some of the material was re-pressed on domestic Decca discs, but record buyers could have little knowledge of the worth of these recordings from bad domestic Decca surfaces.

There is a large list of Italian operatic selections in the Italian Odeon catalogue. Because they duplicate so much material already listed in my previous articles and because space does not permit the running of long lists in the pages of a magazine, I shall content myself with mentioning mainly a group made by artists known to American record buyers. At some future date, after it has been possible for me to hear some of the recordings of artists unknown to us, I may speak of some of their best recordings. I have, since my landing in Italy, bought quite a number of fine things, and these I hope to discuss in future articles.

To aid the interested reader, I hereby append the series' letters and sizes of the records. 10-inch—GO; A; O; SO; B; H; M. 12-inch—Z; R; E; F; N.

There is a group of acoustical recordings by famous Italian artists whose names are known to American record buyers—such singers as the famous dramatic soprano, Eugenia Burzio, and one of the most famous of all Italian Violettas, Gilda dalla Rizza. These acoustic recordings will be marked by an asterisk. It is interesting to note what were evidently the first recordings of such famous modern singers as Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, Aureliano Pertile and Rosetta Pampanini, and one can readily believe that a market still existed for these discs despite the fact that the same artists have made other and more modern recordings for other companies. The following list of recordings will be, I believe, of interest to a great many collectors.

VERDI: *Un Ballo in Maschera—La rivedra, and E scherzo od è follio*. Pertile (tenor), Ferraris (soprano), Baromeo (bass), Righetti (bass), chorus, etc. Disc 5531-F*.

BOITO: *Nerone — Pater noster*. Luisa Bertana mezzo) and Marcangelli (soprano). *Nerone—Vivete in pace*. Nazareno Bertinelli (baritone). Disc 65-51-N.

VERDI: *La Forza — Pace, pace*; Eugenia Burzio, and PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda—Così mantiene il patto?* Burzio and Giuseppe DeLuca (baritone). Disc 5513-F*.

VERDI: *La Traviata—Brindisi, and Un di felice* (Disc 6592-N); *Ab, fors'è lui, and Sempre libera* (disc 6599-N); *Parigi o cara, and Addio del passato* (disc 6599-N); Act II (discs 6641/42-N); Gilda dalla Rizza, with Manurita (tenor) and Fregosi (baritone).*

MASCAGNI: — *L'Amico Fritz—Non mi resta che il pianto*; and PUCCINI: *La Rondine—chi il bel sogno si Doretta*. Maria Ines Ferraris (Soprano). Disc 15002-B.

Rosetta Pampanini

CATALANI: *La Wally—Ebben, ne andro lontana*; and PUCCINI: *Manon Lescaut —In quelle trine morbide*. Rosetta Pampanini. Disc 3748-B*

PUCCINI: *Madama Butterfly—Un bel di; and La Bohème—Mi chiamano Mimi*. Rosetta Pampanini. Disc 5567-F*.

VERDI: *Otello—Canzone del Salce*; and MASCAGNI: *Iris—Un di, al tempio*. Rosetta Pampanini. Disc 5568-F*.

PUCCINI: *Madama Butterfly—Un bel di; and CATALANI: La Wally — Ebben, ne andro lontana*. Pampanini. Disc 6566-N.

PUCCINI: *Manon Lescaut — In quelle trine*; Pampanini, and VERDI *Otello —Ora e per sempre addio*; Nino Piccaglia (tenor). Disc 6048-M.

PUCCINI: *Turandot—Signore ascolta, and Sacrificio di Lui*. Pampanini. Disc 60-22-M.

(The above discs by Rosetta Pampanini reveal duplications, since we find that the soprano made acoustic recordings of certain arias and later remade them in elec-

tric ones. Apparently there was a market for both types of records, which suggests that a lot of Italian people probably still own the old acoustic type of phonograph.)

VERDI: *Luisa Miller — Aria*; Pasquale Amato (baritone), and DONIZETTI: *Don Pasquale—Sogno soave*; Anselmi (tenor). Disc 5600-Oro*

BIZET: *Carmen — Romanza del fiore; Faust — Duel Scene* Garbin (tenor), Stracciari (baritone), De Angelis (bass). Disc 5502-F*.

ROSSINI: *Barbiere di Siviglia — All'idea di quel metallo*. Fernando Carpi (tenor) and Riccardo Stracciari (baritone). Disc 5505-F*

GIORDANO: *Andrea Chenier — Nemico della patria*; and GOUNOD: *Faust—Dio possente*. Giovanni Inghilleri (baritone). Disc 6644-N.

VERDI: *Il Trovatore—Il balen*. Inghilleri. Disc 5084-E.

Lauri-Volpi

VERDI: *Rigoletto—Questa o quella, and La donna è mobile*. Lauri-Volpi (tenor). Disc 3729*.

PUCCINI: *La Tosca—Recondita armonia, and E luceran le stelle*. Lauri-Volpi. Disc 3730-B*.

MEYERBEER: *L'Africana — O Paradiso*; and BELLINI: *I Puritani—A te, o cara*. Lauri-Volpi. Disc 3731-B*.

BOITO: *Mefistofele — Giunto sul passo estremo*; and MASSENET: *Werther—Ab, non ridestar*. Lauri-Volpi. Disc 3732-B*.

DONIZETTI: *L'Elisir d'amore — Una furtiva lagrima*; and *La Favorita — Spirto gentil*. Lauri-Volpi. Disc 5540-F*.

PUCCINI: *La Tosca—Recondita armonia*; and BELLINI: *I Puritani—A te, o cara*. Lauri-Volpi. Disc 15011-B.

(The above acoustic recordings are, as far as I know, the first disc that Lauri-Volpi made. It will be noted that only the last is electric. The persistent rumor that Lauri-Volpi was killed in action in North Africa, while fighting with the Italian forces before the capture of Tripoli, may well lend new interest to his first recordings).

The American Music Lover

GIORDANO: *Andrea Chenier*—*Improvviso*. Aureliano Pertile (tenor). Disc 5547-F*.

PUCCINI: *La Bohème*—*Che gelida mattina*; and PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda*—*Cielo e mar*. Pertile. Disc 5546-F*.

MASCAGNI: *Cavalleria Rusticana*—*Siciliana*; and *Iris*—*Apri la tua finestra*. Pertile. Disc 5543-F*.

DONIZETTI: *Lucia*—*Fra poco*, and *Tu che a Dio*. Disc 5543-F*.

BOITO: *Nerone*—*Queste a un lido fatal*, and *Ecco la Dea si china*. Pertile. Disc 5541-F*.

WAGNER: *Lobengrin*—*Cigno fedel*, and *S'ei torna alfin*. Pertile. Disc 6023-M.

VERDI: *Rigoletto*—*Ella mi fu rapita*; and ROTOLI: *Mia sposa sara la mia bandiera* (Romanza). Pertile. Disc 6577-N.

Undoubtedly the above acoustics are the first recordings made by Pertile. There are many other recordings by noted Italian tenors and baritones, including the Attilio Barbieri (tenor), Tino Borelli (tenor), Giuseppi Note (baritone), Ernesto Badini (baritone), Fernando Ciniselli (tenor), Gino Colombo (tenor), Giulio Fregosi (baritone), Giovanni Manurita (tenor), etc. From this group I include the following which I believe will be of interest to some operatic fans.

MASCAGNI: *Isabeau*—*E passera la viva creatura*, and *Fu vile l'editto*. Disc 5106-E. *Isabeau*—*Il sogno e Dio*, and *L'occhio e cieco*. Disc 3770-B. Attilio Barbieri (tenor).

PUCCINI: *La Fanciulla del West*—*Ci bella mi creda*, and *Son Ramerrez*. Nino Piccaluga (tenor). Disc 6038-M.

WOLF-FERRARI: *Sly*—*Canzone dell'orso*, and *Canzone dei beoni*. Piccaluga. Disc 6581-N.

Among the sopranos, most of whose recordings are electrically made, are Vera Amerighi-Rutili, Giuseppina Baldasare-Tedeschi, Wanda Bardone, Maria Carena, Augusta Concato, Florica Cristoforeanu, Anna Marcangeli, Etty Maroli, Tina Paggi, and Tina Poli-Randaccio. I have selected a few discs from the long lists of recordings made by these ladies, many of

which offer duplications in selections. Apparently all singers in Italy have their faithful admirers for most of them record over and over again the standard arias of the operatic repertoire.

CATALANI: *Loreley*—*E quando non ti cerco?* Etty Maroli (soprano) with Garruti (tenor). Disc 5627-F.

CATALANI: *Loreley*—*Infranto ogni altro vincolo*. Maroli and Garruti. Disc 5628-F.

CATALANI: *Loreley*—*Romanza*—*Dove son? dove vengo?* Etty Maroli. Disc 5629-F.

MASCAGNI: *Isabeau*—*I tuoi occhi*. Poli-Randaccio (soprano) and A. Barbieri (tenor). Disc 5613-F.

The following cycle of three songs (or possibly cantata) by Rossini I have never seen previously listed; it is of definite interest, in my estimation.

ROSSINI: *La Regata Veneziana* (3 sides), and *La Danza* (1 side). Maria Ines Ferraris (soprano) sung in Venetian dialect. Disc 5552/53-F.

The orchestral recordings as previously noted, include many old ones made in Germany all of a decade and a half ago. Two recordings by Frieder Weissman of Beethoven's *Third* and *Six Symphonies*, on seven and five discs respectively, I do not remember having seen listed anywhere previously. The most active Italian conductor with the Italian Odeon concern was evidently Angelo Albergoni, who made a series of discs with the Milano Grand Symphony Orchestra, and also conducted the orchestra for many of the singers' recordings. Ettore Panizza likewise conducted the orchestra for some of the singer's discs, and also made a few orchestral selections on his own. Since this material offers duplication of what we find in every Italian record catalogue, there is no point in listing it here.

There are a couple of recordings by the late Conchita Supervia, one of which I have never seen listed anywhere before. Her *Carmen-Quintet* need not concern us, but her recording of two Delibes' songs—*Bonjour, Suzon* and *Eglogue* (sung in French) (disc 6068-M) should be of interest to her countless admirers.

(To be Continued)

EDITORIAL NOTES

(Continued from page 290)

phony that are denied us at home. The following story dated May 24, issued by the National Broadcasting Company, certainly bears this out:

"Italian natives and American and British soldiers on Italian soil are enjoying a daily full-hour of recorded music by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, according to word forwarded to the Maestro.

The program is presented every night at 20:30 Greenwich Time over the Naples radio station under the direction of the Allied Military authorities. The program is called *The Toscanini Hour* and consists of compilations of recordings selected from a vast library of Office of War Information transcriptions, United States Army Special Services Division V-Discs and standard RCA-Victor Red Seal recordings. Many of the OWI recordings were made from the actual Sunday broadcasts of the Maestro and the orchestra.

"U. S. Army men handling the Naples *Toscanini Hour* have at their disposal one of the greatest collections of Toscanini discs in existence. Recordings of NBC broadcasts go back several seasons and the many great soloists who appeared with Toscanini are again being heard with 'bravos' from the Italian populace and our fighting lads abroad."

The news that our boys can tune on a program of this kind every day is heartening, for all of us know how many true lovers of good music there are in the Armed Forces. What would your editor not have given in the last war if he could have heard a daily program of this kind; instead those of us who liked good music thought we were fortunate if we could go to the YMCA or the YMHA and make a little serious music on our own. There were some records in those days, but most of the machines were in pretty bad shape, and not everybody enjoyed operatic selections.

Although none of us begrudge our boys, this music, we too would like the privilege of hearing on records all these fine per-

formances of Toscanini, and what's more we are all willing to pay for them. If these performances are available for reproduction on V-Discs and transcription discs, then surely it is possible for them to be made available on commercial discs. Victor, according to the *N. Y. Times*, will release only one new serious album between now and September. This seems hardly fair to dealers and the record-buying public. Between now and September, Victor would do well to give some thought to making available for the trade a number of the Toscanini recordings now on V-Discs. We could name a series of recordings this company has made, most of which have been okayed by the artists and which have not been released to date. There was a recording, made by Barbirolli and the N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony, for example (of which the conductor informed us a long time ago), of Delius' *Brigg Fair Rhapsody*—a work long needed in a modern reproduction; at this time it would find a great many buyers, for Delius' rhapsodic style has come to mean much to many people in troubled times. Of course, the dispute with the Union has brought about the present condition in the record field. And the fact that a number of companies have signed with the union, thus meeting their demands, does not necessarily mean that the biggest companies will follow suit. Record buyers seem to have definite views on this matter, for we have had letters from a number of them informing us that they were not buying discs issued by Decca and other concerns who signed with the Union. Twice, recently, we ran into this type of boycott in stores, and though we do not condone it we can understand the feelings of those who act in this manner. We have never felt justified in taking sides in this dispute, since we feel that both parties should be permitted a fair say and since our province is surveying the music that is recorded. Although the Union was recently ordered by Washington to permit the resumption of recording, nothing has been done about the matter, and it looks now as though the Union were not going to permit anything to be done except on its own terms.



FIFTY GREAT VOCAL RECORDS

By Stephen Fasset

PART V

Baritones

A generation ago fine baritones flourished in such profusion that it is only after much painful cogitation that I have succeeded in reducing the number of my choices to the necessary minimum. Particularly in the case of the Italian baritones was there an embarrassment of riches. Even though six of the eleven baritones to be discussed were born in Italy, such distinguished figures as Campanari, Corradetti, Giraldoni, Magini-Coletti, Sammarco and Stracciari, to name only a few, had to be excluded from my list for one reason or another. The mere mention of such names as there makes nostalgic reading now, for it has been far too long since our opera houses have been able to boast of even one top-notch Italian baritone, let alone the half-dozen that could have been expected in former times. And when it comes to French baritones, our plight has been still worse (that is, until the recent arrival of Martial Singher); too many of our opera productions have suffered for want of a Maurel, a Renaud or a Gilibert.

My list includes no Central European

baritones. Few records by the best of these artists were ever circulated here in pre-electric days, and in modern times there has been no crucial scarcity of baritones of this category to spur us into investigating the past.

To return to the Italians for a moment, I shall probably be censured for having left out Riccardo Stracciari, whose magnificent acoustic Columbias are easier to obtain than most of the records to be recommended. He was excluded only because such fine examples of his singing can be found on electrical recordings (Columbia). His *O sommo Carlo (Ernani)* is superb, and I cannot imagine a better performance of Figaro than this veteran achieves in the complete *Barber of Seville* set. The rapidity of his parlando is incredible. The warmly admired G. Mario Sammarco was also a prolific recorder through much of the acoustic era, put few of his discs live up to his high reputation. However, his *Era la notte (Otello)*, Fonotipia recording, is excellent—and rare. It was with regret, too, that I left out Antonio Magini-Coletti (1855-1912), a great rival of Battistini and whose whirlwind performance of Rossini's *La Danza* on Fonotipia 39351 surpasses Caruso's.

28. PASQUALE AMATO—*Masked Ball: Eri tu* (Verdi), Victor 88464 or 6040. Recorded about 1913.

A favorite at the Metropolitan during the Toscanini regime, Amato (Naples, 1878-Jackson Heights, 1942) still enjoys notable posthumous popularity among record collectors. After making his operatic debut as Germont in Italy in 1900, he set out on an extensive tour. A meeting with Toscanini in Buenos Aires resulted in an engagement at La Scala which quickly established Amato as one of the most gifted of the younger baritones. In 1908, he came to the Metropolitan with Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini, and soon duplicated his La Scala success. He was an outstanding actor, an intelligent artist, and the possessor of a brilliant voice of great power and expressiveness.

Before coming to America, Amato began a series of recordings for the Societa Fonotipia, some of which received rather limited circulation here. Some collectors prefer these to his Victors of 1912 and later, but I hold the opposite opinion. At any rate, the Victors have the virtue of being easier to obtain. Of the innumerable versions of *Eri tu*, I think Amato's is the outstanding interpretation. From a purely vocal standpoint, others may have equalled or even surpassed him, although he sings the difficult air with complete mastery, but none has brought to it such anguished bitterness of expression. Two other examples of Amato as a great singing actor are the arias from *Rigoletto*, *Povero Rigoletto* (Victor 88340) and *Cortigiani* (Victor 88341), doubled on 6041. One of the best — also one of the rarest — of Amato's Victor discs is the unfamiliar aria, *O vecchio cor* from Verdi's *I Due Foscari*, on Victor 88438.

29. MARIO ANCONA — *La Favorita: A tanto amor* (Donizetti), Victor 88063 or IRCC 108, Recorded in 1907.

Born in 1863 and educated for the law, Ancona had started on a diplomatic career when he took up singing. After making his debut in 1891 at Trieste, he sang successfully in London the following year. In 1893 he made his first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera, where he took part

in the American premiere of *Pagliacci*, with Melba and De Lucia. Tonio was always one of his favorite roles and it is interesting to note that in his Victor recording of the *Prologue* he did not attempt the high A flat which later baritones have made customary. Ancona, who according to one authority "had a voice of peculiar charm, sang like an artist and was a good actor," was especially popular in London, in Spain and Portugal and in Buenos Aires. He was well liked in the United States too, but was somewhat overshadowed by his rivals. After a career of more than twenty years, Ancona returned to Italy to settle down and teach singing. He died there in 1917. The voice of this well-bearded baritone is most strikingly reproduced by his Pathé discs (rare) which, having been made around 1901, exhibit fresher tones and a more vital approach than his later records. His G&T's almost never turn up on this side of the Atlantic; his Edison cylinders are extremely elusive and, with the exception of the *Pearl Fishers* duet with Caruso, his Victors are none too common. Judging from his records, Ancona was not a sensational singer, but he had a beautiful voice, round in tone, freely and smoothly produced. His singing of the lovely old aria, *A tanto amor*, is admirable for just these qualities, and for the warmth and elegance of his style. It is a splendid recorded example of bel canto. Although other of his Victor discs are highly esteemed by collectors, none that I know appeals to me as much as this Donizetti Aria.

30. MATTIA BATTISTINI: — *Ernani: Vieni meco* (Verdi), Victor 92008. Recorded in Milan, 1907.

Battistini's career was of exceptional brilliance and phenomenal duration. Born in 1857, he made his debut, in *La Favorita*, in 1878. Singing in opera and concert right up to the last, he was about to embark on another concert tour, at the time of his death in 1928. At 70 he sang with youthful vitality, his voice sounding fresher at the end of a long and arduous program than it had at the beginning. Truly, he was a vocal miracle!

Battistini's popularity throughout Eu-

rope was tremendous. In Warsaw he appeared for 30 consecutive seasons and in Russia he made a fortune, being a great favorite in St. Petersburg. Early in his career he sang in South America and it is said that he found crossing the Atlantic such a dreadful experience that afterwards he consistently refused fabulous offers to sing here rather than undergo such horror again. At any rate, he never sang in the United States.

The most cherishable Battistini records were made in Milan, 1907, when the singer was 50 years old. They reveal a voice of unique timbre with a texture like velvet, ravishing the ear with the beauty and purity of its tone. There is not a sign of the deterioration that might be expected after 30 years of operatic singing; the breathing is flawless. The style is inherently musical, suave, elegant, yet always vital, arresting, and sometimes even heroic. Unfortunately these qualities of lyrical perfection are not to be found in the same high degree in all the discs that Battistini made during a recording career that extended from 1903 to 1925. Indeed, so disappointing are many of his performances that I have often wondered if there were not two Battistini's, vocally and stylistically opposed to one another, like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. This discrepancy I hope to discuss at greater length at some future time. Meanwhile our attention shall be confined to Dr. Jekyll.

During Battistini's lifetime there was always a faction that contended that he was not a baritone at all but a tenor. This

(Continued on page 304)

Charlatanism in Music

(Continued from page 282)

citation of the old Italian ballet from St. Petersburg, proclaiming a *new* form of art compared with which all past achievements are as nothing. Led by the nose, the public and, worse still, many of the young musicians flock around him, and the critics cannot find enough adjectives of adulation for his shows.

July, 1944

A ballet is all very well in its proper place, as a pleasant after-dinner entertainment; but we don't want ballets to everything, and to proclaim the ballet as a form of great art—the art form of the future, in fact—is sheer bunkum. But the English public seems to have an insatiable appetite for ballets, and the demand for such works having speedily exhausted the slender stock of living composers' ideas, the scores of long-dead musicians are pressed into service. No one is immune. Bach fugues are employed as exercises in muscular mathematics and Beethoven sonatas "interpreted" (!!!) by every hysterical, nymphomaniacal old woman who can gull the public into seeing "a revival of the Greek spirit" or some other high-falutin' vision in the writhings and contortions of her limbs.

What is the effect on young people who may perhaps hear some great work for the first time in such an environment? The music will inevitably become associated in their minds with hopping and prancing and jiggling, and in the end they will themselves be unable to hear it without twitching and fidgeting.

There seems to be a very prevalent belief that any Tom, Dick or Harry has the right to tamper with a work of art, even to the extent of altering it beyond recognition and forcing it to serve a purpose its composer never dreamed of. In this direction irresponsible "editors", "adaptors" and "transcribers" are as much to blame as the dancing cranks. It is time a law was passed to keep good music from violation.

By all means become dancing dervishes if you want to, and dance in a delirious *cortège* right into the lunatic asylum: but don't try to justify your procedure in the name of art, nor degrade the works of great artists in doing so. Above all, don't spoil works of art for other people who may not want to dance in the same direction. We do *not* all go the same way home. Let us try to preserve a little clearness of vision so that we may see things in their proper perspective. The art of Marionettes is good enough for some people, but let us not confuse little painted puppets with great men.

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RECORD NOTES AND

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We believe that record buyers would do well to order by title rather than by number such items as they may wish to purchase. Numbers are sometimes printed incorrectly in our sources.

All prices given are without tax.

Orchestra

ERRATA: The conductor of Haydn's *Symphony No. 103*, issued by Columbia last month, was Leslie Heward — not Howard. The linotyper ignored our cor-

rections, contending later that he was sure we meant Howard since he knew Leslie Howard was dead and had never heard of Heward.

* * *

BIZET: *Carmen—Suite* (arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham); played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set X or MX-144, price \$2.50.

▲ Here's a genuine "record classic" and there was every reason for reviving interest in this set. Furthermore, something has been added, for Steinweis' cover design is both ingenious and artistic. This set dates from October 1939; it was issued a short time before this in England.

Sir Thomas believes in vivifying effects, and he realizes them here; the rhythmic emphasis is splendidly achieved and the whole thing is handled with superb assurance and control. Since Sir Thomas is

a somewhat unpredictable person, it is not surprising to find his suite from *Carmen* arbitrarily arranged. The first record side contains the Fate Motive from the opening Prelude and the Prelude to Act 4; the second face, the Prelude to Act 2 (Les Dragons d'Alcala) and the Chorus of Boys from Act I; the third side, Prelude to Act 3, and the Prelude to Act I; the fourth side, the Danse Bohème.

As we have previously said, the recording here is full-bodied and richly resonant; it might have been made yesterday.

—P. H. R.

MOZART: *Symphony in C major* (No. 34), K. 338; played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, direction of Sir Thomas Beecham: Columbia set M or MM-548, three discs, price \$3.50.

▲ This recording was issued in England in April 1941. It replaces Columbia's older set played by Sir Thomas and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, issued in February 1929. The work is a fine one, and Sir Thomas' all-around better reading of it in the present recording will be widely welcomed. The Royal Philharmonic was not the orchestra that the London Philharmonic is—or at least was at the time that Sir Thomas made this recording, for it was then *his* orchestra and the work he accomplished with it gave ample evidence of sufficient rehearsal to realize the conductor's wishes. The old recording caused one critic to remark that "if only Sir Thomas could have sufficient rehearsal, we should have the finest Mozart it is possible to record." Here, there is more evidence of the conductor's "elegant, sustaining spirit."

Since we share our friend W. R. Anderson's views on this work, we have decided to reprint his original review of it which appeared some years ago in *The Gramophone*.

"This symphony is in three movements only, and is one of the many unfinished symphonies (one does not think of it as unfinished, despite the loss of the Minuet), for Mozart began the Minuet and never completed it. The scoring is light—strings, with two pair of wood and two of brass that we find in so many sym-

phonies of the time—two oboes, two bassoons, two trumpets and two horns, with drums. (The symphony dates from 1780.)

"The first movement contains delightful variety, not only in its subjects (first, at the start; second, about a third of a way through side one—after the two dashes up the scale; third, farther on through this side—after the steady increase of tone: it has some special little stresses in it), but also in the development section, which does not stick exactly to the three tunes, but plays around their ideas adroitly. This movement takes two sides and if one wants to sample the symphony, I can recommend this section. The slow movement (on three sides) is beautifully scored for strings and bassoons only—one of the many instances of Mozart's experimenting with different combinations; he was fond of that, and so, though to a slighter degree, was Haydn. Mozart brings off the experiment best, I think. Note the creaminess of the writing: the violas are divided, and add an extra line of darker but warm color. Could any composer today, with the possible exception of Elgar, write a piece so free from preoccupations and 'tendencies,' so independent of the busy world? I do not mean that Mozart gets away from the idiom of his time: to have tried to do that would have been to become (like so many of our composers now) desperately 'tendential' and mannered. Simply, he soars above all that music is not concerned with, and, without posing questions about other worlds, or spurning this one, just makes music for *music's* sake—not for form's or expressions', or any single sake that music comprises. The finale is a little masterpiece of strong will and free fancy. The development with its hint of excursions is all too short.

"To return to the slow movement—it seems the successor to some of Handel's comforting pastorals, with that tinge of sadness which characterizes Mozart. Its pace is apt to be too slow: I should not cavil if Beecham had been a trifle brisker, but there is nothing to disturb and much to please. The gentle winding stream finds a tributary near the end of

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the first side (the same familiar half-descending scale will be noted in it). There is no development, apart from that which the streams produce as they irrigate their land—a natural springing up of flowers of melody and tender, lingering harmony. The movement looks forward to the most mature period: it would be difficult to find its poise and delicacy excelled in any of the late symphonies. There is a world of nostalgic feeling in it: feeling such as one can in these days hardly bear to hear evoked: felling as for a world of happiness for ever lost; yet bearing within itself the promise of anodyne could we only find it."

The recording here is eminently satisfactory. Not only will those who have owned the old set wish to acquire this new one, but those who value Mozart at his symphonic best will not wish to miss this recording.

—P. H. R.

Concerto

ADDINSELL: *Warsaw Concerto* (recorded from the sound track of the Republic Picture *Suicide Squadron*); played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Muir Mathieson with Piano. Columbia disc 7409-M, price, \$1.00.

▲ Richard Addinsell is an English composer who has written much incidental music for the stage as well as the screen. The present work, which has become extremely popular, was written for a picture known in England as *Dangerous Moonlight*. It tells the story of a noted pianist who becomes an officer in the Polish Air Force and loses his memory as a result of the crash. The concerto theme runs through the entire picture.

One suspects that Addinsell wrote this work, as has been suggested by an English writer, "if not with his tongue in his cheek at least with an honest eye on the box-office." If there is anything that the great movie public loves when it comes to musical matters, it is to encounter tunes that have a familiar ring to them, tunes that stir up memories of

favorite works by great composers. And, of course, sentimentality appeals tremendously. And so, Addinsell has frankly worked up a pastiche of Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky and laid the old sentiment on as thickly as butter in the days when it wasn't rationed. There's never any rationing of sentiment in the movie world, and one can readily believe that the producers greeted Addinsell's score with great satisfaction — it would have definite box-office attraction.

This is the sort of music people instantly hum, and if you find yourself doing it too do not be surprised. It's lush stuff, lushly orchestrated and lushly harmonized; and it's got all the saccharine content of a box of candy. It's the sort of thing that should be taken in small doses, for if you get too much of it you're going to be darn sick of it. The recording here, made from the sound track, is unusually good. The pianist, unnamed (could it have been the composer), does a good job, and the orchestra supplies a rich full background.

—P. G.

Keyboard Voice

LATIN AMERICAN CLASSICS— *Corta-Jaca* (Vianna); *Saudades das Selvas, Brasileiras No. 2* (Villa-Lobos); *Microbinho* (Mignone) (disc 4009); *Andalucia and Gitanerias* (Lecuona); *Congada* (Mignone) (disc 4010); *Valse Suburbaine* (Ferdinandez); *Malaguena* (Lecuona) (disc 4011); played by Erno Balogh (piano). Continental set No. A103, price \$3.50.

▲ Much of the inflexible intensity of sunlight and bold coloring which the traveler notes in the Latin American countries is found in the sophisticated music of the Latin American composers. Both Spanish and French influences are apparent but there is little subtlety or inner warmth. There is a sort of bravura and dash to most of this music, and Mr. Balogh sensibly brings out its hard brightness and eschews stressing its sentimentality. His performances of Lecuona's popular compositions in familiar Spanish idioms are excellently set forth; the sentiment is

there but it is not lingered over or made the pivot for his interpretations. Such a piece as *Andalucía* (which became the highly sentimentalized popular song—*The Breeze and I*) retains its Spanish brightness and dash.

Balogh's playing throughout is capably straightforward and thoroughly masculine. Student pianists will find his performance of these pieces worth emulating. The musical substance here is not of great moment, but there is every reason for pianist and listener to enjoy these pieces; they are rhythmically alert, and full of color and verve. It is suggested that Vianna's *Corta-Jaca* should instill fear, but if it does it would be only from the performer's standpoint, since the composition is highly difficult. The Villa-Lobos (once recorded by George Copeland) utilizes mainly what seem like native tunes; these are brilliantly dressed up for a festive occasion. Mignone's insect hardly evokes more than a smile, yet it must be regarded as clever caricature—thank heavens it avoids the pattern of Rimsky's ubiquitous bee. Fernandez's waltz lacks distinction; it meanders after beginning à la Chopin and gets noisy toward the end but doesn't rise above a "suburban" affair. Mignone's *Congada* tends to be arty, but it probably will appeal to some pianists. The best of the material are the frankly popular selections of Lecuona and the Villa-Lobos; they seem to have more honesty of purpose than the others and they at least stamp themselves on one's memory. The recording is lifelike and clear. —P. G.

SHUBERT: *Sonata in A major* (No. 9), *Opus 120* (3 sides), and *Laendler, Opus 171*; played by Robert Casadesus (piano). Columbia set X or MX-236, two discs, price \$2.50.

▲ Old-timers who recall the Schubert Centennial in 1928 will remember a recording of this sonata by Myra Hess, which many probably still possess. It seems strange that it has never known any competition; but the popularity of the work with amateurs and teachers has perhaps forestalled its performance by any other leading pianist. If one hears this sonata

played too often by amateurs one is very apt not to appreciate its true worth. I wonder, however, if one really ever tires of music of this kind. Some of us who thought we had, found that it held new interest when Schnabel played it in his Schubert-sonata recitals in New York during the season of 1941-42. Schnabel's performance prompted me to renew acquaintance with Miss Hess' performance, and several friends who heard her recording at my home after that went out and purchased her set.

And so, being much of an old-timer where recordings are concerned, it is inevitable that I should make comparisons between Miss Hess' performance (no longer available) and Mr. Casadesus'. There is a sweet sadness to this music, a nostalgic quality which was typical with Schubert. It is all seemingly so ingenuous: the melodies sing and the music moves with a simple straightforwardness that is disarming. Most players tend to undervalue the contrast of texture, the implication of drama. The work demands legato throughout and great delicacy of tone-production, but its melodies also ask for varied accentuation as well as tonal coloration. Casadesus achieves the latter in a highly admirable way, but he does not achieve the degree of contrast and accent that Miss Hess did. He plays with an exquisite lightness of touch throughout and with meticulous technique. His first movement lacks the penetration of its poetic content that Hess and Schnabel bring to it; he glides too daintily over the initial theme, which should be outlined more sharply. And in the lovely *Andante*, which in its expression of serenity seems so remote and alien from our own world, he does not heighten the poetic mood by varying the inflection of the composer's

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sentiment. Yet his performance is truly a poetic conception. There is a lesson in agile finger work in the finale, whose exuberance I think he is wise in not over-stressing; if one makes this last movement a display of virtuosity it is apt to destroy the continuity of the whole work.

Once again in the delightful *Laendler* or *Country Dances*, which Casadesus provides as an encore, he achieves admirable delicacy of tone-production as well as technical fluency.

By not repeating the exposition of the first movement, Casadesus gets the movement onto one record side. For my own part, I would have preferred that he had repeated the opening section of the movement and omitted the *Laendler*, which he could have given us on another record. Each movement occupies a record face in the present recordings. Miss Hess in her recording took five sides, and gave us as an encore the *Rosamunde Ballet Music* in the Ganz arrangement. The recording here is eminently satisfactory, despite some rattling in the louder pasage in the first movement on my machine. —P. H. R.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN: *Patter Songs* — *My Object All Sublime* (Mikado); *The Private Buffoon* (Yeoman of the Guard) (disc 4271-M); *Lord Chancellor's Song* (Iolanthe); *My Name Is John Wellington Wells* (Sorcerer) (disc 4272-M); *I Am the Monarch of the Sea*, and *When I Was a Lad* (Pinafore); *The Major General's Song* (Pirates of Penzance) (disc 4273-M); sung by Nelson Eddy (baritone) with orchestra conducted by Robert Armbruster. Columbia set M or MM-440, price \$2.75.

▲ Originally issued in April 1941, this set was not favored by those reviewers who know their Gilbert and Sullivan. But one can believe that Mr. Eddy has his following and that the sales of this set have prompted its re-issue with an artistic cover. Lt. Schonberg, who originally reviewed this set, an ardent G. & S. fan, did not regard Eddy highly as a Gilbert and Sullivan exponent. While Eddy's voice "may be a decent one judged by ordinary standards, he uses it very badly according to G. & S. criteria," said Lt. S. His "ane-

mic snicker" in the *Mikado* excerpt does not equal the blood-curdling chuckle heard in the complete recording of *The Mikado*. "A good G. & S. singer must be able to suggest the character," said Lt. S., "and, especially in the patter songs, must be master of vocal caricature. Eddy sings the songs 'straight' . . . Understatement has its place in many things, but in Gilbert and Sullivan it does not serve any very useful purpose. Eddy's voice is robust and tonally pleasant, and his singing may well appeal to those who do not know G. & S. tradition.

The recording is good. But Armbruster's accompaniments are paced too fast.

—P. G.

50 GREAT VOCAL RECORDS

(Continued from page 297)

faction still exists among record collectors, perhaps with more reason, for apparently the true fullness of Battistini's tone was never completely registered on discs. As recorded, the voice is a high baritone, sounding like a tenor at times. Very high notes are taken with remarkable ease, the medium is full and satisfying, but at the lower end of the scale the voice tapers off too quickly, in a way that occasionally must have embarrassed the singer. It speaks well for the aristocratic bearing of the man that he was a famous Don Giovanni even though it must have been impossible for him to encompass the notes properly.

At any rate, if you like bel canto you will find in the records recommended here a type of singing that can be heard from no other source. The air from *Ernani* is brief but glorious, beginning in exquisite soft voice and ending in a magnificent sweep of full voice. The following are all superb alternates: *Il mio Lionel* from *Martha* (Victor 92005), *Damnation of Faust—Su queste rose* (Victor 92023), *La Favorita—A tanto amor* (Victor 92045), *Ernani, O sommo Carlo* (Victor 92046, 89135, 18144), *Masked Ball: Eri tu* (Victor 92033), and, except for the inadequate low notes, *Zampa—Perche tremar* (Victor 92004 or IRCC 202).

To Be Continued.

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